

c11*****

love's the things you didn't like at first--E after
L death and rem slidedown in arms

you die middle of f fish! spelling
out dolphins!

"Bums on the moon" remarked Senator Charlie Brakchord as the camera crew trailed him through the "Enterprise Zone" which consisted of a Radio Shack store and a McDonalds abuilding, with a field of broken glass between. "Excuse me, homeless I should say." The most imposing structure and almost as tall as the two low buildings was a satelite dish in front of the Radio shack.

"We're running out of light, Senator, panted the seedy director, the obligatory trenchcoat, filthy, draped on his sloping shoulders; his arms free, making it look like a cape. "How about *some* sort of shot, Senator?" he whined.

"Lots of glass, like Krystalnacht," sighed Charlie.

"Am I supposed to be getting any of this?" the sound man, stumbling behind, asked the director.

"No, it's off the record--Senator Brakchord is ninetynine percent off the record." Then he added in a mock brogue, "And try staying out of me ass if you don't mind!"

The homeless men clustered in a knot off to their right and surprisingly instead of their surly downcastness they vibrated in the failing light like one huge moth.

"What's fuckin Kristalnacht?" asked the sound man of the stumbling cameraman. "When the Krauts bashed the Jews around and broke their shop widows--glass eveywhere."

"That's all right," said the sound man.

"What the fuck you mean by that?" The cameraman's name was Levin (his Scarsdale parents pronounced it Leh-VAHN.)

"I mean that's like *this* all right, but this is glass from about a jillion Mad Dog and Thunderbird bottles."

Captain Rawley fell in beside Brakchord and put an hand on the Senator's arm. The Senator stopped and the TV entourage staggered behind him. "One over there says it boils his coffee, the satellite dish does." The Captain was pointing to thin-smiling, yellowish Bicky whose sick face looked prophetic of a profoundly sickening dread.

"Did he?" Senator Brakchord was so overjoyed at the news that the cameraman started his machine, feeling that something visually interesting might come from such elation.

This Senator's seeming excess didn't evade the cop either, though he talked on as if it did. "Yeah I got a reason for remembering that. Got a brick in the back that particular day."

"Well we can't recall everything in such a violent way,

even a police person has to be educated more softly," laughed the Senator. "Bye the bye, will the bums be a permanent part of the scene here? If not, I'll probably get the Secretary of Housing to..."

"My brother is chief up in Shunk, Pennsylvania. It's beavers up there."

"This a joke?" "They move them from one pond where they've destroyed most of the trees, and truck them twenty miles...they make their way back somehow. But don't worry. We'll flush em out before Grand Opening."

Indeed they did. In a crisply executed swoop one early November morning, the bums were chased and caught and forcibly trucked to the Salvation Army shelter, to the consternation of Lt and Mrs Marius O'Toole, the directors, who had not enough beds and had to rent them from Rent-a-Center.

Missed, however, was Bicky Slowik, asleep in a nest of newspapers under an orangy, burned-out van.

When Bicky awoke and saw the evidence of depopulation he felt increased heat transmitted from the satelite dish and knew his friends had been radiated, melted. Frisco Fran, Doggo, maybe even that gabby bullshitter Trenthorn. When he thought of Argosy he saw words hangin in air and wrapping around each other like fog. he visualized flashes w ronald coming through each argosy: India is larger thanthe world and my mind, my shitbrained cretin, is larger than all of India.

"Fuck India!" screamed Bicky now, shaking his head furiously to bring back Argosy;s more salient facts about the satillite dish "Those things fry you up inside. Blacken you in there. You look in there now like what you woudl call a nigger, my beautifully crazy bird. That's what they were doing right then, probably the Jews, frying him up inside.

It was, as a thousand media and taped self-helppractitioners and not a few psychiatrist from the Vet's hospital had informed him in the pastanyway, he thought they had now or never.

While Lissa's husband was redeeming his two-for-one coupon at the McDonald's opening complete with that florescent Ronald Macdonald, Bucky's frenzy with a knife slashed her and most of the cards of merchandise beyond recognition. He had been the initial customer, with Lissa putting forth a small brown snap purse of sewing materials as part of the first fifty customer promotion. It was ultimately pried out of her blood-sticky hand by Captain Rawley. next to her body was a pkg of spidery transistors

IMP THAT HE HAD BEEN CONGRATULATING HIMSELF ON GETTING HER
SETTLED ETC AS IF HE HAD SACRIFICED SOMETHING --felt very
had given her up in his mind
cryng on Delta and window and visual her sliding downi his arms
again and again.

righteous as if he had redeemed life w Fats.

Hocko traced him in Florida to give him the
news

alone in the condo! wires still play out electricain left
his kit
he sat inert, eating nothing for
two days. SOMETHING CLEAN ABOUT HER WINDEXING FACE OF TV
RECEIV, lint,hair raised fm arm, BABY FAT ARM. illum hairs down
lick it
Image of having her slide down in embrace etc, more ! let go!
x yrs later he feels it in face, burning even now,
burn as he's shot in farm store ,burn at Joe Robie Stadium
not paying attent, notquite
trying to read letter about son on golf scholarship to Wake
Forest
and seeing babyfat arm (brill sun?) segmented green becomes
crowd nosie
and face feel like older father's face--feel it and see it in
front of him
hangin in air
My girlfried from aa you don't know her just moved to the
Senator.
imp that byron remarks later on unfocussed victim
face burn in orange bowl
PAST T. -- SLOW CLUTTERY TURBID NOTHING JOINS
ONLY EVER TRAGEDY--and so overwhelming that he can;t
see any trag in "Mogus" death later--angel comp to devil

Interviewed bum says he saw him with bum named Mogo.
Capt Rawley thoght that could have been Billy Mogus, and put out
a trace on the minister. Billy,the real Billy,
proved alibied in--tight--he had been admitted to Bide a Bit a
month earlier--a raving patient where he'd been the raving
chaplain.

Bicky Slovik was found by Argosy Trenthorn and brought to a
fleabag motel near the airport. There after a ceremony
consisting of laying paper arrows around the worn carpet, and
varous mutilations Argosy aka Mogo, aka Argo commanded. he

caved his head in w same brick a la he hit capt earlier c5
had kept brick

--all money in itfmgirl and husb--why did he let her
go; husb sells store at least in part to pay for the
funeral--

had to give all away somehow--

sold to bixter and dee dee daniel

fat benign man wanted to sell the slashed merchandise for half
off but

Radio Shack Corp vetoed his enterprise--p
and sold to flea market operatorson condition they detach from
the shredded cards.

Dee Dee told all who lingered that everything had calmed down
now, benediction--nobody could ever be hurt or killed here
again. She mostly moved behind scenes in postures of terror
while Bixter waited on customers, panting from his weight.
They had owned sand quarries.

also fats condones all crazy--he therefore wants to
confront wi trag as if its her fault--worried as to own
complicity naturally enuff:but wants her to see and under trag
OR WHATEVER horror template-

IF HE COULD ARTICULATE HE WD SAY

bible: be patient therefore bretheren
i will surround the craziness, the pain,
but defeated.

danger of store talked up among winos-- implied you must
worry bout weakest among us/mad dog etc

he remns she abhors cereal boxes dishes in sink --assorted
grimes
cleanliness of RS electronics

IF YOU HAVE SOME GUILT IN THE MATTER YOU CAN'T PUT IT ONTO
ME. YOU MUST BEAR IT AS A PART OF LIFE. Cherish the moment!
God knows why or how it's sent, but embrace it!

you;re not the silly man I met that morning for golf lessons,
a fearful man without a life. that;s what i gave ou and she
gaveyou and that's what this is, your heart almost burning out
of you because you waited so long. What else could it do?.
TO INSANE FATGE WE ARE ALL EXPENDABLE WHETHER WE'RE KENNEDY OR
KING OR YOUR GIRLFRIEND

HE DISLIKES LAST WD

capt: he cut off all he could cut off then somebody came in and
finished off with a brick.--way were reconstructed it anyway
declive back of shop center w carts etc
int image

eddie think: you're in middle and all the arrows cancel out etc

argosy trenthorn (nee charlie) billy mogus and bicky
over the soup can etc --1st in c5

walking rim other side gorge how much friend none of my
business.

i know enough don't wanna know any more. In my business you
have
to know when to stop.

it's inthe air-- refrain

evenly spaced trees at Bide a Bit and beachball boundes between

himself a skeleton with green florescentbones, hiding and then
chasing
the terrorized! An x-ray!

E COMES TO REALIZ THAT ONLY THE MOMENTS OF PASSION HAVE SAVE HIS LIFE

ccombines romantic w clinical writ

SOUND MAN IRISH

poss combine 11,12

Capt Rawley

unseas late fall, snap banners weather thatn puts you off somehow black broiling presage summ storm but here air turns to black ice

many many signs announ enterprise zone and contain name of all pols and of changing admins--black people in front ofboardedup houses--let them know who they wre deallingwith

it made him glow inside. he could see inside himself, occas went

out and let glow out to hit others--related to tech chap somehow

but when it started burning in him too much he had to act before it built up

toomuch--he

couldn't go around looking like an x ray only so long--he'd be found out then! the p9oliticians on the bill board